

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## RECOMMEND YOUR BANK

You say: "Go see old Doctor Squills;  
He is my favorite physician.  
He serves the potentest of pills,  
And diagnoses your condition.  
If you are curable at all,  
He'll patch your lights or spleen or liver.  
If Squills your malady can't call,  
You'd just as well go seek the river."

You say: "When you're in need of  
plumbing,  
Don't let just any bloke assist you.  
Let Wrenchy 'mid your pipes go  
slumming—  
Among his friends he'll soon enlist you.  
He can out-plumb the other guys  
As sure as guns are made of metal,  
And he will give you glad surprise  
When comes the time that you should  
settle."

Then why, while you are recommending,  
Do you not recommend your banker?  
He would appreciate befriending—  
It would not "rouse his ire or rancor."  
Say to your friends who would be patrons  
Of some financial house or other:  
"I recommend to men and matrons  
MY bank—'twill save unease and  
bother!"

—The Signal.

## A Quarter's Worth of Experience

The sixty-mile spring lake, while  
had blown steadily for seven hours,  
and which had then ceased almost as  
abruptly as it had begun, damaged  
more than two hundred roofs in the  
town of Hinkson. From a few  
houses the entire roof was gone, but  
in most cases the damage ranged  
from small holes to openings several  
feet wide where the shingles were  
ripped off as if by the hand of a giant.  
Every available carpenter in the town  
and many persons who were not car-  
penters were put to work to repair  
the roofs to prevent further damage  
by rain.

The summer before, Lon Cowden  
had been a carpenter's helper for  
two months and could nail on  
shingles fairly well. When he was  
offered a dollar an hour to go out  
into the country a mile or two and  
repair the roof of a big hay barn he  
did not hesitate long before accept-  
ing the job. Not many boys of  
nineteen years were able to earn so  
much as that.

The barn stood in the middle of  
a meadow almost a mile from the  
house and half as far from the road.  
It had a moderately steep shingle  
roof, and from the eaves to the  
ground was a drop of twenty-two  
feet. Fifty tons of baled hay were  
stored in the barn at the time of the  
high wind, and now, if the rain  
should come, the half a dozen gap-  
ing holes and the numerous small  
leaks in the roof would let in enough  
waters to spoil many of the bales.

When the man who had brought  
out the shingles and a long ladder  
drove away Lon was left alone.  
From some material at hand he made  
a light roof ladder ten or twelve feet  
long and nailed a stout block across  
one end so that it would hook over  
the comb of the roof and lie flat.  
He could shift the ladder easily from  
one place to another; and it would  
support his weight quite as well as  
cleats nailed to the roof.

During the forenoon he worked at  
repairing some holes near the eaves  
that he could reach with the aid of  
his long ladder. Just after noon he  
carried his roof ladder up and, push-  
ing it along the shingles, hooked it  
securely over the ridge. Then he  
carried up an armful of shingles and  
soon had the first jagged hole neatly  
mended. When he needed to shift  
the roof ladder he would climb to the  
peak, draw the ladder up and creep  
along with one knee on each side of  
the tin ridge roll; and, rather than  
lose time in making frequent trips  
for shingles, he took as many as he  
could carry under one arm and, bal-  
ancing the ladder on the smooth  
ridge roll, pushed it along with his  
hand.

While he was making his third or  
fourth move, with his right arm crook-  
ed over a load of loose shingles and  
his left hand pushing the ladder in  
front of him on the ridge roll, the  
ladder caught on a rough seam in the  
tin. Lon at once lost his balance  
and, instinctively dropping the  
shingles and the ladder, grasped at  
the ridge to save himself. Fifty  
shingles make a pretty large pile  
when scattered, and all that Lon  
was carrying had fallen right in front  
of him. When he grabbed for the  
comb his fingers clutched only sliding

shingles, and he slid with them. He  
clutched again, frantically, and, al-  
though this time his fingers touched  
the bare roof, they were several in-  
ches from the peak. He was sliding  
toward the eaves, and there was  
nothing to stop him. And from the  
eaves to the ground was a drop of  
twenty-two feet!

A bag of oats thrown on a moder-  
ately sloping roof will be likely to  
remain there, held in place by fric-  
tion, whereas a smooth stick or an  
iron bar thrown on the same roof  
will be likely to slide off at once.  
Lon remembered the fact and had  
the presence of mind to turn on his  
back, throw out his arms and relax.  
He slipped perhaps a yard farther  
and then stopped. His head was  
several feet from the peak; his feet  
were pointed toward the eaves; and  
he felt as if something no stronger  
than the merest thread were holding  
him. To move or to become rigid  
would start him to sliding again.  
Indeed, had the roof been a little  
steeper, he would not have stopped  
in the downward plunge. Only  
with great effort he was able to re-  
main still while he tried to think of  
a possible way to save himself.

He started to call for help, but as  
he took a breath his body stiffened,  
and he felt himself slipping ever so  
little. His effort to shout ended in  
a gasp. It seemed to him that the  
pounding of his heart was enough to  
jar his body and start him to sliding  
again, and in spite of the cool brack-  
ing air of early spring drops of per-  
spiration rolled down the sides of  
his face. He wondered how long he  
could hold his position; certainly  
not long enough for help to arrive,  
unless it should come by some happy  
chance. The owner of the barn  
would probably not come until the  
following day, and his own folks,  
Lon knew, would not miss him until  
after nightfall. At sundown when  
the air became cooler he would  
begin to shiver, and then—he dared  
not think of what might happen  
then. Moreover, to lie there helpless,  
even for an hour, and think of the  
fate that awaited him was more than  
he could endure. He tried to get his  
mind on other things for a few mo-  
ments. He looked upward at a fleecy  
cloud flying across the blue sky, at  
a crow flapping awkwardly against  
the white cloud. Looking downward  
he saw cattle eating peacefully at a  
haystack in a near-by field. Sounds  
from the distant bustling town and  
the occasional honk of an auto-  
mobile on the road came to him only  
faintly. His panic gradually left  
him; his heart no longer pounded  
against his ribs; soon he could think  
clearly.

For a few minutes he kept his  
mind on his work and thought of the  
holes he had already patched.  
Almost all of them were on the  
opposite side of the roof; the side on  
which he was lying was in good  
condition. He wondered why that  
was so? Oh, to be sure, it was because  
the wind had come from the opposite  
direction. He wished there were  
holes within reach of his hands; then  
he would get himself out of his  
predicament in jiffy.

After such a wind he thought there  
must be loose shingles and ran his  
hands eagerly over the roof a little  
way on both sides of him. In his  
eagerness he forgot for a moment  
and moved; instantly his body began  
to slip. When he let his arms fall  
and relaxed as he had done before  
he did not stop; for this part of the roof  
was smoother than the part above it.  
He was on his way toward the fatal  
plunge!

Although Lon's heart gave a pain-  
ful thump he did not lose his wits.  
He held his hands at his sides, with  
the palms flat on the roof, and his  
fingers caught at the butt of each  
shingle as they passed slowly over  
it. Sun and rain had warped the  
shingles of the old roof so that now  
they did not all lie flat as they had  
lain at first. Lon's left hand came  
into contact with a shingle the butt  
of which was raised, and in a mo-  
ment his fingers slipped beneath it,  
and he was gripping it against his  
palm. Slight as his grasp was, it  
was enough to stop him, and again  
he lay still, hardly daring to breathe.  
His safety depended on his holding  
the butt of the shingle, but he knew  
that he could not hold it for long.

Working his other hand farther  
from his body, he found another  
shingle the butt of which was slight-  
ly raised; he forced his fingers under

it, and the slight grip relieved the  
strain on his left hand.

Now he worked the fingers of his  
left hand back for a better grip and  
discovered that the shingle wobbled,  
as if only one nail held it; possibly  
the others had rusted through. If  
the shingle should slip out, he  
would again begin to slide toward  
the ground. But into his mind  
flashed a more hopeful idea than  
that. If the shingle were loose,  
might he not break a hole in the  
roof?

Taking a firmer hold with his  
right hand, he found that he could  
support himself by that hand alone  
—which would leave his left hand  
free. He did not dare try to reach  
into his pocket for his knife; so, still  
careful not to move more than his  
wrist and hand, he worked with his  
fingers. He gripped up a corner of the  
weather-beaten shingle, which split  
where it was nailed; the two parts  
slid down and bounded off at the  
leaves.

But shingles overlap two thirds of  
their length, so that there are at least  
three thicknesses of shingle on al-  
most every part of a roof. Lon lit-  
erally clawed out pieces of two shin-  
gles on the next course beneath.

Now there was only one shingle  
between him and the sheathing;  
but he must go lower on the roof to  
get his fingers under the butt of  
the shingle. Letting his body sag a  
little on the left side, he reached the  
butt and got his fingers under it.  
Now he was ready for the upward  
pull that would break out the last  
shingle and reveal a small patch of  
the bare sheathing and a crack into  
which he should be able to thrust his  
entire arm.

At the first upward pull he realized  
that he was drawing himself down-  
ward and breaking the hold of the  
other hand. Already his right arm  
ached with the strain; it had been  
deprived of at least half its strength  
when he had crooked it at the elbow  
in order to let his body down a trifle.  
Then fingers that gripped the butt  
were without feeling.

There was no time now to think  
of another way of saving himself  
even if there had been hope of find-  
ing one. Within a few minutes  
his hold would break whether he  
moved or not. Every muscle of his  
body was tense with the strain. Well,  
he should have to risk some-  
thing and act quickly. With a  
sudden pull he tore out the remain-  
ing shingle. The effort broke the  
grip of his right hand, and he start-  
ed to slip again. With his left  
hand he reached up to the place  
where the thin edge of the last shingle  
had been and, feeling the narrow  
sheathing board, thrust his hands  
through the three-inch crack above  
it. His fingers closed over the edge  
of the board just as his feet came  
within a few inches of the eaves!

Lon swung his right hand up  
beside his left, and, now that he  
had a firm hold, lay there for awhile,  
face downward on the roof, panting  
from the nerve-racking experience  
of the last few minutes.

Then by tearing off more shingles  
he made "steps" and climbed them  
to the peak. In a few minutes he  
had recovered his roof ladder and  
was back at work, determined to be  
more careful in the future.

"You can take off two bits for  
fifteen minutes I lost the first day,"  
Lon explained when the owner of the  
barn was about to pay him for the  
completed job. "I guess the  
experience was worth that to me,  
but I wouldn't have another like it.  
No, sir, not at any price!"—*High F.*  
*Grimstead in Youths Companion.*

## Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary,  
3100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St.  
Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Mon-  
mouth St.

SERVICES.  
First Sunday, Holy Communion and Ser-  
mon, 3:15 P.M.  
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Ad-  
dress, 3:15 P.M.  
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Ser-  
mon, 3:15 P.M.  
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Com-  
munion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.  
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and  
Catechism, 3:15 P.M.  
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday ex-  
cept the First, 4:30 P.M.  
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday,  
except during July and August, 8 P.M.  
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints'  
Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.  
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St.  
John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 A.M.  
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Em-  
manuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.  
Other Places by Appointment.

## Roosevelt's Advice to Boys

No boy can afford to neglect his  
work, and with a boy, as a rule, work  
means study. Of course there are  
occasional brilliant successes in life  
where a man has been worthless as a  
student when a boy. To take these  
exceptions as examples would be as  
unsafe as it would be to advocate  
blindness because some blind men  
have won undying honor by triumph-  
ing over their physical infirmity and  
accomplishing great results in the  
world.

Shiftlessness, slackness, indiffer-  
ence in studying are almost certain  
to mean inability to get on in other  
walks of life. Of course as a boy  
grows older it is a good thing if he  
can shape his studies in the direction  
toward which he has a natural bent;  
but whether he can do this or not,  
he must put his whole heart in them.  
I do not believe in mischief doing  
in school hours or in the kind of  
animal spirit that results in making  
bad scholars; and I believe that those  
boys who take part in rough, hard  
play outside of school will not find  
any need for horse-play in school.  
While they study, they should study  
just as hard as they play football in  
a match game. It is wise to obey  
the good old adage: "Work while you  
work; play while you play."

A coward who will take a blow  
without returning it is a contemptible  
creature; after all, he is hardly as  
contemptible as the boy who does not  
stand up for what he deems right  
against the sneers of his companions  
who are themselves wrong. Ridicu-  
le is one of the weapons of wicked-  
ness, and it is sometimes incompel-  
sible how good and brave boys  
will be influenced for evil by the  
jeers of associates who have no one  
quality that calls for respects, but  
who affect to laugh at the very traits  
which ought to be peculiarly the  
cause for pride.

There is no need for a boy to  
preach about his own good conduct  
and virtue. If he does he will make  
himself offensive and ridiculous.  
But there is urgent need that he  
should practice decency. He  
should be clean and straight, honest  
and truthful, gentle and tender, as  
well as brave. If he can once get to  
a proper understanding of things,  
he will have a far more hearty  
contempt for the boy who has begun  
a course of feeble dissipation, or who  
is untruthful, or mean, or dishonest,  
or cruel, than the boy and his  
fellows can possibly, in return, feel  
for him. The very fact that the boy  
should be manly and able to hold his  
own, that he should be ashamed to  
submit to bullying without instant  
retaliation, should, in return, make  
him abhor any form of bullying,  
cruelty or brutality.

The boy can best become a good  
man by being a good boy; not a  
goody-goody boy; but just a plain  
good boy. I do not mean that he  
must love only the negative; I  
mean he must love the positive  
virtues also. "Good," in the largest  
sense, should include whatever is  
fine, straightforward, clean, brave,  
and manly.

The best boys I know, the best-  
men I know, are good at their studies  
or their business, fearless and stal-  
wart, hated and feared by all that  
is wicked and depraved, incapable of  
submitting to wrong-doing, and  
equally incapable of being taught but  
tender to the weak and helpless. A  
healthy-minded boy should feel  
hearty contempt for the coward, and  
even more indignation for the boy  
who bullies girls or small boys or  
tortures animals. One prime reason  
for abhorring cowards is because  
every good boy should have it in him  
to thrash the objectionable boy as  
the need arises.

Of course the effect that a thor-  
oughly manly and thoroughly up-  
right boy can have upon those com-  
panions of his own age and upon  
those who are younger is incalcul-  
able. If he is not thoroughly man-  
ly, then they will not respect him,  
and his good qualities will count for  
but little; while, of course, if he is  
mean, cruel or wicked, then his  
physical strength and force of mind  
merely make him so much the more  
objectionable a member of society.  
He can not do good work if he does  
not try with his whole heart and  
soul to count in any contest and his  
strength will be a curse to himself  
and to every one else if he does not  
have thorough command over him-  
self and over his own evil passions,

and if he does not use his strength  
on the side of decency, justice and  
fair dealing.

In short, in life, as in a football  
game the principle to follow is:  
Hit the line hard, don't foul and  
don't shirk, but hit the line hard.—  
*The American Boy.*

## The Dayton (O.) Baseball Club

The Dayton Silent Baseball Club  
is very much alive, and is receiving  
favorable mention from all the  
Sporting Editors in the vicinity.  
A large room above the Apollo  
Theatre Building on South Main  
Street has been rented until the  
first of June, when the headquarters  
will be moved to a still better loca-  
tion in a new office building now  
nearing completion.

Manager Hatfield and his backer,  
Mr. Weston, mean business and are  
prepared to provide jobs with in-  
dustrial firms in Dayton for all  
players who make the team, and  
also for players who come near to  
making it. Games will be played  
every Saturday and Sunday, and  
this will mean extra money in each  
player's pocket. The Dayton  
Chamber of Commerce is alive to  
this matter and it will not hesitate  
to promote the team's interests after  
it proves itself to be a winning com-  
bination.

Any white deaf-mute of good  
moral character, living in any part  
of the country, is invited to come to  
Dayton and let Coach Hoy see what  
he can do in the matter of batting,  
fielding and base running.

There are here and there, scatter-  
ed all over the country, players who  
have made good with hearing teams  
in the past few years. These men  
should not be in a hurry to sign  
contracts until they have investigat-  
ed the prospects of the Dayton  
Club.

Rowdism on or off the field will  
not be tolerated, no matter how  
good a player he may be. The eyes  
of the deaf and their friends will be  
focused upon this team during the  
season, so it is planned to have an  
aggressive team of gentlemanly  
players, who will do their best to  
uphold the national game and win  
from start to finish, and thus merit  
the well wishes of every one.

There are surely in the embryo  
many a Dundon, Ryan, Kihm, Tay-  
lor and Hoy of the past to be  
brought out and developed, to the  
end that there may again be mute  
baseball players of national repute  
in the spot light.

Mute players of known ability  
wishing further information can  
write to C. W. Hatfield, 613 Wash-  
ington St., Dayton, Ohio, or to the  
undersigned at 5737 Hamilton Ave-  
nue, College Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
WILLIAM E. HOY.

## Society in China

In China there is a very strange  
profession of women. It is carried  
on by elderly ladies, who go the  
round of the best houses, announc-  
ing their coming by beating a drum,  
and offering their services to amuse  
the lady of the house. This offer  
accepted, they sit down and tell the  
latest scandals and the newest  
stories and bits of gossip, and are  
rewarded at the rate of a few pen-  
nies per hour.

## St. Thomas' Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and  
Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.  
The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D.,  
Priest-in-Charge.  
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.  
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School  
Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.  
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.  
Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.  
Lectures, third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.  
Socials, fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.  
Special services, lectures, socials and  
other events indicated on annual program  
card and duly announced.  
You are cordially invited and urged to  
attend. Tell and bring your friends.

## Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House,  
338 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.  
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-  
charge.  
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES.  
Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sun-  
day, 8:00 P.M.  
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sun-  
day in each month, 8:00 P.M.  
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.  
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

## LOS ANGELES.

For the past two weeks ye scribe  
has been confined to his home by a  
siege of lagrippe, therefore he has  
not been able to keep up this cor-  
respondence with the JOURNAL.  
To day he is himself again and went  
back to his post last Monday. He  
is once more taking up the burden  
of writing up the Los Angeles news  
for the JOURNAL.

Above all things, it really gives  
him great pleasure to mention that  
the Anti-Auto bill for the Deaf of  
this state was recently dismissed  
after a very brief discussion and  
that the Deaf still have the privi-  
lege of driving their automobiles.  
But they were admonished to be on  
the lookout for the appearance of  
the Anti-Auto bill at the Legisla-  
ture every two years and were also  
advised to have ready cash on hand  
for future emergencies. Free from  
all doubts and worries over the bill,  
the Silent Californians are rejoicing  
over the recent dismissal and can  
use their automobiles. They will  
hereafter be firm in their deter-  
mination to show the hearing  
people what careful and skillful  
drivers they are. No more gloom  
among the deaf of this state at this  
present writing.

For a few days Los Angeles was  
again threatened with a heavy down  
pour, since which we have been hav-  
ing nice weather and are still having  
the same. It seems as if we would  
not have any more rain, as spring is  
at hand. But we are sometimes  
fooled by the weather, though it is  
not at all changeable.

There was a little article in the  
last issue of the JOURNAL written by  
Mrs. G. Deligio which slightly criti-  
cized the Los Angeles writer as to her  
being a webfoot. Being a resident  
of Portland, Oregon, she is still  
nicknamed a "webfoot," even if she  
was called other than that. There  
is no use denying facts and customs.

Mrs. C. Sullivan is soon to bid  
adieu to Sunny California on her  
departure for her Chicago home  
next week. In this land of sunshine  
and flowers she has been enjoying  
her stay of several months' dura-  
tion.

Miss M. Peek has been much  
feted prior to her leaving for a six  
months' tour of Hawaii and the  
Orient. Accompanying her were  
some of her relatives, besides her  
constant companion, Miss Angle.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Carl are planning  
to move their own bungalow over to  
their purchased lot near West 9th  
and Broun Avenue, which is about  
five miles from Boyle Heights,  
where they are now living. It will  
take a long time to complete the job.

For the past week Mr. C. Silntzer  
has been confined to his home and  
is not out yet. It is learned that  
some difficulty of breathing may  
necessitate an operation, after which  
he would feel much better.

Mrs. F. Roberts' stepfather, who  
was a retired farmer and had big  
land of his own in South Dakota,  
passed away the other day. Her  
mother and her grown step-son  
survive him.

The arrival of Mr. A. L. Nicely  
adds one more to the number of  
silent in Los Angeles. He came  
from Oakland, where he has been  
for several years. He thinks he  
will claim this as his permanent  
home.

The residence of Mrs. F. Roberts  
was the scene of a pleasant card  
party on the evening of St. Valen-  
tine's Day, in which fourteen par-  
ticipated and enjoyed tasty refresh-  
ments.

Being proud of being the grand-  
father of a little granddaughter,  
Mr. E. C. Ould is wearing a broad  
smile among the deaf. His daughter  
Fannie and baby are doing nicely.

Mr. C. Leslie Hunt is now a  
benefited. His charming wife is the  
former attorney for the Salt Lake  
Railroad Co. They were married  
on January 6th, but the news of  
their marriage was not revealed  
until recently. They have the  
warmest congratulations from those  
who know them. Mr. Hunt is  
steadily employed by the Weber  
Show Case Co.

A Valentine party was given by  
the Van De Kamp Bakery Co.,  
where ye scribe works, on the  
evening of February 10th, and was  
greatly enjoyed by a very large

number, among whom were fifteen  
silents. Sandwiches, hot coffee,  
ice-cream and an abundance of  
cake, were served at the conclusion  
of the affair.

When L. Ross got scared at the  
coming of the Anti-auto bill for the  
Deaf in the Legislature, he decided  
to dispose of his Dodge. But he  
waited for the result of the bill for  
some time and is now overjoyed over  
its dismissal. He then purchased  
another second-hand Dodge. He  
has since been wearing a broad  
smile, besides a long cigar.

The Chicago National Club is  
here now at Catalina Island, where  
they have just started spring train-  
ing. The sport lovers will have  
the opportunity to see the Chicago  
players play some games, the same  
as if they had seen them play in  
the east during the summer season.

Mr. M. Matheis is devoting his  
leisure time to brushing up his  
brains prior to his departure for  
Oakland some time this month, to  
make several speeches at the meet-  
ing of the C. A. D., of which he is  
president. He will return home  
with a satchel full of news.

Mr. A. Dyson has been working  
at night for some time as a fore-  
man in the printing office of Neune  
Stationery Co., by whom he has  
been employed since he first came  
here. He has recently bought a  
lot in Inglewood, and will thereon  
build a new home. His present  
house in Laundale will be for rent  
then. His daughter has grown so  
fast that she is just as tall as her  
father, and attends the high school  
now.

Approximately 80,000 people  
deserting the city and its surround-  
ing towns last Sunday afternoon,  
saw Murphy win the 250 mile auto  
race in wonderful fashion, and also  
make 115 miles per hour at Los  
Angeles Speedway. They were  
greatly thrilled by the fast  
spinning of the famous auto racers.  
No accident marred the event. No  
more auto races here until next  
Thanksgiving Day.

The masquerade party at the Los  
Angeles Silent Club last Saturday  
evening was a very brilliant affair.  
The costumes featured originality,  
beauty and carnival make-ups.  
Fun and merriment reigned su-  
preme. Mrs. W. Phelps was gowned  
in a gorgeous English uniform. Mr.  
O. Smith brought down the house  
in his inimitable makeup of horse  
riding. There were many costumes  
that deserve mention. Refreshments  
of ice cream and cookies ended the  
evening. The most attractive figures  
there were Mr. and Mrs. W. Tilley,  
of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs.  
Edes, of Santa Ana, Mr. and Mrs.  
B. Wood, of Oxnard, Mr. G. Red-  
mond, and others.

February 28th being the sixtieth  
anniversary of the birth of Mr. H.  
Germer, his beloved wife celebrated  
by entertaining forty guests with  
amusing games, etc., at the residence  
of Mr. and Mrs. O. Smith. Among  
the presents showered upon Mr. and  
Mrs. Germer was a purse of  
sixty dollars from his son.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Worswick, for-  
merly of Minnesota, were the victims  
of a pleasant surprise party at their  
home on the evening of George  
Washington's birthday, entertain-  
ing them in such a way as to make  
them forget their surprise. Delicious  
refreshments closed the evening's  
enjoyment.

Two deaths have occurred to less-  
en the number of the Los Angeles  
Silent Club. William Beckman,  
the expert tailor, passed away in  
his seventy-seventh year early in  
the morning of the 23d ult., after a  
prolonged illness. On Monday,  
the 26th ult., he was cremated at  
Rosedale Crematory. His wife and  
a son survive him. William had  
a large circle of friends here and in  
the East, who deeply regret his  
death. One week before this L.  
Murray, who was an old bachelor  
and was for a time employed by the  
County Hospital, suddenly died of  
asthma pneumonia. His pleasant  
disposition and manners had won  
many friends, who deeply regret his  
death.

E. M. PRICE.

## Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf.  
Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,  
Fort Smith, Ark.



THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163rd Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published, it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Spectator copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Not concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

In a recent issue of the *Gazette des Sourds-Muets*, of Paris, France, Mr. Henri Gaillard, its editor, dispenses some information concerning the celebrated artist brothers, Valentine and Ramon de Zubiaurre.

These two Spanish deaf-mute artists have made a great reputation as painters, and during January of this year exhibited at the Galerie Georges Petit, 8 Rue Seze, near the Madeline, in Paris. As a result of this exhibition the Museum at Tokio, Japan, purchased two of their canvases.

Mr. Gaillard writes: "We just returned from viewing this exhibition, of which all the critics have spoken with praise. Let us express our joy in the success of these two talented friends, whose deafness has not deterred them from taking their place in the foremost ranks of contemporary artists."

The Zubiaurre brothers already have artistic productions in the Luxembourg and Louvre, and also in Buenos Aires, South America. And we believe two or more examples of their genius are hung in the Art Institute in Chicago, Illinois.

Many of the deaf of this country, who attended the World's Congress of the Deaf at Paris in the year 1912, met and became acquainted with the Zubiaurre brothers, and all will rejoice at their increasing fame, as they are personally fine looking young men, of refined and courteous bearing, and altogether unassuming and modest gentlemen.

THE following press dispatch went the rounds of the newspapers, and is in no way creditable to the deaf.

AUSTIN, TEX., March 4.—Amid silence except for the crashing of broken glass and furniture, scores of deaf-mutes staged a riot in the State School for Deaf here last night. Several students were injured.

The first impression of the general public on reading such a paragraph as printed above, is that the "deaf and dumb" were made angry at some real or fancied wrong and became a frenzied, unreasoning mob, and didn't know any better than to take revenge upon inanimate things. Whatever the provocation, they were not justified in taking the law into their own hands. There are remedies other than anarchistic. Intelligent minds do not resort to smashing things, as that helps no one. To attempt to cure their troubles by brute force only puts upon them the brand of ignorance and unreasoning.

The JOURNAL regrets this disgraceful occurrence very much, as its widespread publicity hurts to a greater or less extent all others handicapped by the loss of hearing.

A BRONZE TABLET in memory of its late superintendent, William C.

McClure, was formally unveiled at the Missouri Institution at Fulton. The ceremonies were quite impressive, and included addresses by Superintendent Tillinghast, and Rev. Dr. Crossfield, president of Wood College. With his cadets standing at salute, Major Vernon S. Birk unveiled the tablet. Mr. McClure was one of the youngest of educational heads at our schools for the deaf and gave promise of a brilliant and successful career, which was cut short by death last Summer.

## CHICAGO.

Out of the night that covers me  
Black as the black crooks sell for "coal,"  
Comes a new dawn all may see—  
That brings sunshine to the soul;  
For Kernal Smith, who has command  
Of our State school in Jacksonville,  
Desires all to understand  
They'll teach the COMBINED SYSTEM still.

The Combined System seems safe at our State school! Fears of Illinois silents—fears engendered by the appointment last summer as principal of Tunis V. Archer, reputed a staunch Pin pure Oralist—have been dissipated by the following official announcement of Col. Oscar C. Smith, managing officer of the State school, as printed in the *Illinois Advance*:

"In view of the fact that there is a nation-wide discussion as to the best methods of instruction of the deaf, and those interested in the work are anxious to know what is going to happen in this school, I feel that I should make a statement as to my ideas on this subject.

"While I have been engaged in this work less than two years, I have given the above subject considerable thought. I have read everything I could find on the subject, and have visited various schools where oral methods are said to be used exclusively, and other schools where the manual method is being used in connection with the oral method.

"I am firmly convinced that as far as the Illinois School for the Deaf is concerned there is nothing better to be done than to continue the combined method. I feel that every deaf child should be given an opportunity to learn speech and lip reading. I do not believe, however, that all deaf children can do so. In order to make oral instruction possible, children who are being so instructed must necessarily be segregated from children who use finger spelling and signs, as it is absolutely impossible to prevent them from taking up finger spelling and signs if they associate with those who use them. Therefore it is an impossibility to make the Illinois School for the Deaf an oral school, because of the lack of separate buildings that would be necessary in such an effort.

"It would also take many years—probably twenty-five years—to convert this school into a purely oral school, if that could be done at all. I do not believe that it could be done, when it is taken into consideration that this is a State School, where we cannot select the pupils that attend, but must take all kinds of deaf children. The problem of mental capacity is a serious one in this school, as it has been the custom to send every deaf child here, regardless of his or her mental capacity.

There seems to be an undercurrent of anxiety on the part of many persons interested in this school as to what my attitude is on this subject. It has come to me from various sources that this anxiety has been increased by the employment of Prof. T. V. Archer as principal of the school. I wish to say to all concerned that I do not know what the reputation of Prof. Archer is on the subject of methods of instruction, but I do know that when he was employed he understood definitely that this was a combined school and that it was to continue as such. Since he has been here all of the deaf teachers have told me they were very much pleased with him. All of the hearing teachers who advocate finger spelling and signs have nothing but praise for him, as well as those who believe the oral method to be the better. So no one need fear any change on account of his employment.

"I desire it to be understood that as long as I am Managing Officer of this school, I alone with the consent of the Department of Public Welfare will mold the policy of the School. My policy at this time, and as far ahead as I can see now, is to maintain the combined school. Of course I am not committing myself to that policy without any reservation, because if at any time in the future I should become thoroughly convinced that the school should be changed and I could secure the appropriation necessary for the building of additional dormitories, school rooms and dining room, I would not hesitate to make the change, but I do not anticipate that that time will come during my tenure of office as Managing Officer of this school.

O. C. SMITH,  
"Managing Officer."

So we have one less worry to bring down our gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Sound the glad cymbals: beat the tom-toms: God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world.

The Rev James H. Cloud—who certainly ought to know, since he was principal of it for some thirty years up to last fall—writes to correct the statement in this column recently that Bob MacGregor founded the Gallaudet Day School in St. Louis. "It was founded by the late Delos Simpson full ten years before our friend MacGregor attached his autograph to the pay roll," states the president of the Nad.

This misinformation was gleaned from an old time Chicago resident, not from the grim MacGregor himself; and is hereby corrected. Nor did MacGregor announce an interesting and pertinent fact omitted in this column: that he was elected the first president of the N. A. D.—a position now held by this same Dr. Cloud. Their life-horoscopes converge and diverge with striking similarity.

Ever see a deaf man with an impediment in his speech?

No joke.

Behold Chester C. Codman. They amputated half of the index finger of his left hand March 9th. It is definitely asserted no further amputations will be necessary.

This is a signal triumph for medical progress. When Codman was infected with blood poison last fall—starting from a little scratch received at work in the local Ford plant—he was treated for many weeks at the Washington Park Hospital. The hospital medics are reported to have advocated amputation of most of the hand and arm, but the expert retained by the Ford Company rigidly held out against this extreme. Sure enough, his judgment was vindicated, for Codman eventually recovered and returned to work. Several weeks of work proved the joint of the index finger would always be so stiff as to interfere with whatever he does, hence the operation.

The great Codman—some two decades ago King pin of Chicago, a position similar to that now held by Gibson—is O. K., and there is great rejoicing among the remnants of the faithful.

"Gran'maw" Minnie Sullivan is back after a winter spent in Hollywood as guest of Mrs. Chaney—step mother of Lon Chaney, the movie star. "Gran'maw" lost several pounds of adipose tissue she could very well spare, but brought back a coat of tan like a beach guard. Chances are she will sell out and move off to California in the fall—another case of "Good-bye, Chicago."

The Rev. C. W. Charles, of Columbus, preached on "Spiritual Athletics," at All Angels', March 14th. During his two days here he was the guest of Rev. Flick.

Morton Henry is supremely happy. So happy he has even started scribbling what he fondly hopes may prove a "poem." "Cause why? 'Cause the State of Indiana has purchased 2000 acres of the Dunes to be preserved as a State park.

A man named Favorite—an old Chicago favorite was Favorite—who has been working in Chester, Indiana, for several years, has secured a job at Weber's Wagon Works here, whither his family will follow anon.

Mrs. John Purdum is quarantined in the new Oak Park cottage with a case of Diphtheria. Mother came to keep her quarantine-ship (better word than companionship, ain't it soony?) while Johnnie himself resumes the lorn and lonesome existence he enjoyed in the days he was free and frolicsome.

Dates ahead: March 24—Pas dance at Pas. 31—Lecture by C. S. Morrison, ex-supt. of Mo., at Pas. April 28—Penny Carnival and Box Social by Cad, at All Angels'.

THE MEAGHERS.

## PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1528 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Stephen Esser, of Kutztown, Pa., whose serious injury by a fall down the cellar stairs in his home was reported by us in the previous JOURNAL, passed away in a Reading Hospital, as the direct cause of an attack of pneumonia some time in the week following March 3d. A nephew looked after his remains. Further details are lacking.

The following is taken from the *North American*, of March 5th, 1923:

"A sign and lip service for mutes of the Lutheran faith was conducted yesterday by the Rev. Howard E. Snyder in the parish house of the Church of the Holy Communion, 2111 Sanson Street. There were about fifty persons present.

"Mr. Snyder, who is pastor of Christ Lutheran Church, at Chestnut Hill, is an expert in the lip and sign language. He conducted this service, in which both sermon and prayers were delivered in the language of the mutes."

From the above it will be seen that a move is on foot to start a Mission here for deaf people of the

Lutheran Faith. These people have as much right to maintain their Faith and hold services as any other denomination. We believe, however, that there is hardly any need for such a Mission in this city where there are already three divisions of the deaf people—Catholic, Episcopal and Hebrew; but, reading the news item between the lines, it looks more like an attempt to segregate the oral graduates from the manual graduates of the local institution.

We are tolerant enough to wish that the good hearted promoters of the new congregation shall be given a chance to try out this latest fantastic idea of theirs. The item, according to what we have been informed, exaggerates the qualification of the minister as a sign expert. We imagine that the new movement is largely due to the foolish notions of the parents of some oral graduates, who misrepresent the value of the sign-language to them both by their talk and crude use of it, and thus array them both against its use and from allowing their children commingling with the sign-using deaf in places where the sign language is the only medium of communication.

The fallaciousness of this fear needs no comment from us. Then we hear another excuse to the effect that the old centers or meeting places of the deaf are not safe places for oral graduates, especially young girls. If the girls are properly trained, as they should be, we see no reason why this fear should deter them from attending respectable gatherings of the deaf. Too often the faults of women are to blame for that which might have been avoided. The same is true of the men. "To err is human."

Finally we do not begrudge our Lutheran friends from having their own religious services, but we question the motives which have led them to attempt segregation under conditions which seem largely unwarrantable.

Saturday evening (St. Patrick's Day), it seemed as though most of the deaf people of this city and some of Camden, N. J., were graciously bent on attending the literary "feast," given under the auspices of Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., at All Souls' Parish House, judging from the numbers in attendance which almost filled the Lecture Hall to its capacity. Mr. A. S. McGhee presided.

First on the program was Current Events, which were given by Mr. James F. Brady in his usual spicy way; next Messrs. John A. Roach and Joseph V. Donohue gave a dialogue whose intent was to present the humorous side of married life; but, as neither of the speakers has had any practical experience of that kind, they were themselves made the butt of humorous comments from the audience.

Mrs. A. S. McGhee followed with a most admirable declamation of "The Curfew shall not ring to night," and it really did not ring until about midnight; Mr. Charles Schragel, a rising star among our Hebrew deaf, also declaimed "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in such a way as to win great applause; then came a debate on the question, "Resolved, That the Railroads should be owned by the Government."

Mr. R. Reed Robertson upheld the affirmative side as best he could in the short time allotted to each side, and Mr. Jas. S. Reider did the same. The judges, who were Mr. Lucy M. Sanders, Mr. Wm. L. Davis and Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., decided in favor of the negative side.

The last feature on the program was recitations, a prize of one dollar being offered for the funniest story. The judges, who were Mr. James Foster, Mrs. Minnie M. Troup and Mrs. S. C. Housemyer (Mr. and Mrs. Reider's daughter), awarded the prize to Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett.

A social followed during which light refreshments were dispensed for a nominal price, and on the whole a most enjoyable evening was passed.

Mr. J. F. Brady, who, by reason of residing in New Jersey, an "occasional" at our entertainments, declared that this was the best entertainment given by the deaf that he had attended in a long time, and he hoped that due effort would be made to make future entertainments as interesting and enjoyable.

The proceeds of the above entertainment will be entirely allotted to the Fire-escape Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, which, being a worthy object, probably accounted for the excellent support and patronage given by the deaf without regard to creed. For this, we, as one, feel thankful to all.

The Rev. Mr. Dautzer baptized the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis William Luce last Sunday, March 11th, 1923. The baby received the father's name, Francis William Luce. The baptism was at the Rectory.

Miss Louise K. Hoge, of Virginia, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Patterson, in Mt. Airy. She used to attend the Mt. Airy School when very young and afterwards the Staunton School.

Mrs. Eugene McCarthy went to Ocean City last February 18th, for a week and a half. While there she was taken suddenly sick, and brought to St. Mary's Hospital in

this city for an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Rigg, of Elizabeth, N. J., visited Philadelphia at the last week end, and returned home the following Sunday evening.

At Morris Run, Tioga Co., Pa., February 28th, Thomas E. Lewis died of Pneumonia. He is survived by his wife and six children, also William E. Lewis, of Morris Run, Tioga Co., Pa.; Henry E. Lewis, of New Mexico, and three sisters, Mrs. Catherine Riegel, of Riegelsville; Mrs. Eliza Parfitt, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Annie Gleason, of Scranton, Pa.

Mrs. S. O. Honsenmyer, of York, Pa., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reider, for a couple of weeks. She came down on the special excursion on March 11th last, on which were two deaf-mutes, Mr. J. Markel and Mr. Emanuel Benzel.

Mrs. Anna D. Murray, a sister of our James L. Patterson, died on February 26th, 1923, and was buried on March 1st, at West Laurel Hill Cemetery. She had been bedridden for several months with a complication of diseases. On the day of her death Mr. Patterson received word of the death of his aunt, Mrs. Kate L. Stephenson, of Alex, Illinois, on February 23d. James has our sympathy on his double bereavement.

## Iowa Deaf School Loses To Kansas

The Iowa School for the Deaf closed its basketball season Friday night, by taking a 20 to 10 drubbing from Coach "Dummy" Taylor's Kansas Deaf School quintet, in a well-played contest.

The game was fast throughout the entire forty minutes of play, both teams presenting a five-man defensive, forcing the forwards to do their shooting from a long range.

The first six minutes of play was devoid of scoring, so well were the shooters guarded. Then Baldwin of Kansas registered a goal from the center of the floor. A free throw by Brown added another point. Four minutes more of hard battling prevented either team from scoring, but the Reider-Hagen combination got under way at this juncture and scored two field goals in rapid succession, putting the Iowans in the lead. They increased this advantage when Thompson sunk one a moment later. Brown scored a free throw for Kansas.

The playing then became fast and furious, and when the half ended the score was a tie, 8 to 8.

Reider and Gulstorf did good work in breaking up plays by the visitors, when goals seemed certain as they cleverly worked the ball in the direction of the baskets. Changing their tactics, the Kansas quintet again resorted to long tries and succeeded in caging five field goals. The Iowans tried the same style of play but met with poor success. Ringle, the big six-foot center of the visitors, was the whole show for them in the second half, getting three long, pretty baskets.

Reider was the outstanding player for Iowa, for in addition to making two field goals, he held his opponent scoreless throughout the game. The box score:

IOWA.			
Hokanson, F.	1	0	1
Hagen, F.	0	0	0
Thompson, C. (Capt.)	2	0	2
Reider, G.	2	0	1
Gulstorf, G.	0	0	1
KANSAS.			
Miller, F. (Capt.)	4	0	0
Baldwin, F.	4	0	0
Ringle, C.	3	0	1
Brown, G.	1	4	0
Lamm, G.	0	0	0

Referee—Bailey, (Iowa University.)

## St. Patrick.

St. Patrick lived a long time ago. It was more than 1500 years ago. He was born in Scotland. When he was a young man some men captured him. They sold him as a slave to a man in Ireland. He was a slave for six years. Then he escaped. He became a Christian. He preached to the Irish people. They believed what he said. Many of them became Christians. They loved him very much. All over the world Irish people honor him. They wear green ribbons on his birthday, March 17th.

## Wiles of the wild

Hanover, Ont., Jan. 22.—A farmer living south of Tobemore, on the Bruce peninsula, told the following story here on a visit to town. He noticed several times this fall that his apples were mysteriously disappearing after they had fallen to the ground. There were patches of bare spots under the trees where the apples had lain on the ground and later disappeared.

One moonlight night he sat up to watch for the marauder. About midnight he noticed an animal creeping toward the tree. It was a porcupine, and when it got to the apple patch it opened up its quills, rolled on the ground and picked up a jag of apples.

The farmer followed the porcupine to its den and watched Mrs. Porcupine and the children take the apples off the quills and store them away.

## OHIO.

(News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 999 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

March 17, '23—If there are any deaf draughtsmen looking for a job, the Surveyor of Jefferson County, Ohio, has an opening for three, so he wrote us, asking if we could supply them. He has one deaf man, Leon Moreland, a graduate of the Ohio School, employed in his office. The surveyor's address is J. N. Leach, County Surveyor, Steubenville, Ohio.

We were informed Thursday that John M. Brown, of Thurston, Ohio, had been injured on a railroad track, near Pleasantville, Wednesday. It is not known how seriously. He runs a shoe shop in Pleasantville, going there from his home in the morning and returning in the evening, a distance of about two and one half miles.

The House Finance Committee with their clerks and some friends visited the school Thursday noon. They first witnessed the pupils marching into the dining room and declared it interesting to see over 500 pupils keeping time to the beat of the drum as they marched to their respective tables and standing until after grace was said. They also saw the menu, and it was the regular one for the day—roast beef, mashed potatoes, gravy, bread and butter. From here the visitors were conducted to the domestic science department in the school building, where they partook of a dinner prepared by the young girls of the class under the direction of their teacher, Miss Hoover, and we are sure they did justice to it, for the dinners the girls get up are always of a tempting and appetizing kind. After it they were shown through the Art room presided over by Artist Mr. Zell. They were agreeably surprised at the fine work done by the pupils, for really there are some pretty specimens of drawings to be seen there.

The next place was to the gymnasium, where Miss Hazel Kent had a class of girls give an exhibition. The class rooms of Misses Christmas and Dennis were visited, when lessons were recited and the class yell given in one of them, all of which pleased the visitors.

In the hall, the classes of Misses Burke and Kelly gave exhibitions of rhythm work and songs. These over Superintendent Jones made a short talk to the Committee, in which he set forth the needs for the welfare of the school. We truly hope some good will result from the committee's visit, for to us it seems that the school for some years past was not being getting its just dues from the State, while some other institutions were being favored more. Some disappointment was felt by those in charge of shops that the committee failed to visit and observe the work being done there.

Mr. Wm. Mayer, who has been in charge of the painting force for several years, has been transferred to the cabinet shop to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the former assistant instructor.

About seventy-five members, active and associate, of the Columbus Ladies' Aid Society, gathered yesterday afternoon from 4 to 9 o'clock in the Art room of the school. The occasion was the reception to the retiring and incoming officers postponed from last month.

The decorations of the room were the St. Patrick's Day order, with here and there potted plants and blooms. After doing justice to an appetizing lunch games became the order, players being designated by numbered shamrock buttons. Miss Rachel Gleason carried off first prize, and Mrs. Chapman, Matron of the Home, the booby.

The fund for a new heating plant in the woman's department building of the Home is gradually creeping upward. Treasurer Charles reported it to be \$525.83 on March 1st. Nearly half of this (\$245.05) came from the concert given by Miss Geyer last month in Memorial Hall.

The societies in different parts of the State are at work trying to secure the amount needed and hope to reach that point this year.

The S. S. C. Girls, supporting three French orphan children, made so by the war, are busy preparing for a Street Fair and Sale, with other attractions, one of them dancing. It will be held at the School for the Deaf, Saturday afternoon and evening, March 31st.

The Columbus Citizen one evening this week contained a picture of Superintendent Jones and the group of pupils who were experimented upon by the radio. Mr. Jones warns against being too sure of the aid radio can give the deaf. "It can never restore hearing to the deaf," though it may have teaching and educational possibilities.

Mr. John Fryogle has in his room two little alligators, which were sent him by Frank Wondrack, a former pupil and sojourner in Florida. They have attracted quite a number of the pupils, who seem interested in the creatures. The little things are being

kept in a small pan of water, and Mr. Fryogle hopes later to transfer them to a fountain when the weather becomes warmer.

A. B. G.

## CALIFORNIA

Thomas and Profie McRitchie Bradshaw are settled in a pretty stucco bungalow in the north part of Santa Barbara. They bought an old house, with the furniture thrown in, for \$3,000, and sold it later for \$4,000, taking the furniture out. The new place is steadily rising in value, and they can sell it for five figures. Thomas has a steady position in a mill, and the son is a hustling real estate salesman. They came from Canada, where they attended the school for the deaf at Belleville, Ontario, and later farmed in Saskatchewan.

Norman Lambert is still ranching near Summerland. He is a catch that ought never to have been overlooked.

Miss Lizzie L. Dunn, of Indiana, later of Columbus, Ohio, brought here by the Plumb M. Park in the eighties, is still maid of all work for a rich Montecito family. In her vacations she has traveled and seen sights like a cosmopolitan. She has been saving her wages for the proverbial rainy day, which must be Californized as drouthy or freezing.

Daniel Robles is man of all work for a lemon rancher. He attended the California School for the Deaf a few months, but was barred when he was discovered to have normal hearing. He has had a stormy life. In the pre-prohibition days he was a terror when crossed, and it took half a dozen policemen and more to subdue him. He is very observant and absorbing and has mechanical ability. He may marry a Los Angeles Spanish woman.

Warren Lucy Waters, of the Hartford, Ct., School for Deaf and Gallaudet College, is still living at Santa Barbara. Miss Louise Robles still keeps house for the widower.

Swan, of Colorado, is working in a garage at Santa Barbara.

Nelson Wood, of Canada, and family, have been residents in Santa Barbara five years. He has given up his job in his brother's garage and taken to peddling stamped articles for fancy needle work.

Munro, also of Canada, is running a shoe shop on Nelson Wood's place.

Griggs, a product of the Chicago Day School, is working in the citrus packing plant at Santa Barbara.

W. H. Divine, a hearing son of Patrick Henry Divine and brother of Louis A., was married to Mrs. Estella Swanson at Vancouver, Wash., last winter. If my eyes deceive me not, I saw them touring in Southern California recently.

To A. B. G.—Tell my Ohio deaf and otherwise friends I will be back in Ohio in good time.

Thomas Bradshaw does not loaf on his job, and he is full of initiative. One day not a thousand years ago he was working in a citrus orchard. Chancing to find a stolen nest with just hatched chicks in the grass, he hastened to inform the bosses. He also helped in catching the little things. Having one in one hand, he tried to run and grab another with the other hand. But he stumbled, dropped the chick in hand and missed the free chick. Nothing funny? Well, he measures over six feet in height, is well built, the chicks were like ants, and the fall from the sky was earth-shaking.

Do not expect California to enrich you in the way an Easterner expected, unless you are a genius of the Aladdin lamp-rubbing species. He bought a citrus orchard that was making money and in good shape. But knowing and learning nothing of the actual work, he basked in the sun, ate three bountiful meals, slept soundly, and read to his heart's content, waiting for anxious buyers to rush panicle-steeped to grab his products and pour gold into his lap. But buyer and money not coming, he was forced to work with his muscle and by the sweat of his brow. But not being used to it and disillusioned, he let things go to rack and ruin. Everything was in shape for the worker to make money and retire rich. But—it takes brains, muscle, energy and perseverance to succeed in most things. Your brains are worth nothing if you do not use them. Your money does no good if you do not use it. Your muscle will become flabby with disuse.

I want to say a few words about the value of lemons and oranges in physical disorder. I have been having trouble with that bad left leg of mine. The doctor calls it osteomyelitis, or in United States white swelling. It has been operated on twice, the last time for the removal of a goodly part of the shin bones. The high tops of my logger shoes rubbed against the tender part of the leg, making raw spots. I have tried every thing almost, without success, and when I began to eat oranges by the box, and drink lemonade by the gallon every day, the swelling began to go down, the pain to ease, the pus to stop running, and the sores to heal over. Great is the diuretic value of fruit and vegetable.

T. C. MULLER.



## NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal or card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Greater N. Y. Branch of the N. A. D. was held at the Wadleigh High School, 114th Street near 7th Avenue, on Monday evening, February 26th. Mr. Marcus L. Kenner presided, Mr. Jack Ebin acting as Secretary pro tem.

As an interesting coincidence, it might be well to remark that this was the fifth consecutive time that it rained; in addition there was another counter attraction, all of which served to diminish the average attendance.

The main business of the evening was the report of the Re-Organization Committee, headed by Mr. Renner, which announced that up to date nine organizations among the fourteen odd locals have sent in their acceptance of the tentative plan, designed to increase the efficiency of the N. A. D. Branch. It is expected that a meeting of the accredited delegates will be called shortly and details arranged so that a definite working plan will be submitted to the membership at the next quarterly meeting in May.

The following, taken from the New York Herald of March 15th, relates to the father of Miss Adrienne Fousadler, a deaf mute, who is also a tapestry weaver.

"Jean Fousadler, aged 80, a pioneer weaver of tapestry by hand in this country, died yesterday in his home in Willet Avenue, The Bronx. He was a native of France, but came to America with his family in 1893. One of two tapestries which he produced soon after his arrival here is in the Field Museum in Chicago. A statue of a French soldier which he brought over with him stands at Williamsbridge, marking the site where the first hand-woven tapestry was produced in the United States."

Rev. Arthur H. Judge, D.D., preached the sermon at the afternoon service at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes last Sunday, his text being St. Luke 8:25. Miss V. B. Gallaudet interpreted it very lucidly and impressively in the sign language. There was a good-sized congregation. The service was conducted by Rev. John H. Kent, and the hymns were gracefully signed by a choir composed of Misses Florence Lewis, Anna M. Klaus, Eleanor E. Sherman, Elsie Grossman, Mabel Hall, Wanda Makowska. Keith W. Morris was crucifier, and John N. Funk, as lay reader, made the responses. All were glad to meet Rev. Dr. Judge, as his devotion to the interests of St. Ann's is well known.

Mrs. Leah Marks, 56 years old, of 442 Kosciusko Street, Brooklyn, died in the Bushwick Hospital, after she had been run down at Lafayette and Lewis Avenues, Brooklyn, last Friday. The driver was taken to the Gates Avenue Police Station and released after he had explained that Mrs. Marks had her umbrella up and walked directly in the path of the car.

Mrs. H. Friedman (nee Fannie Krumholz) died on March 2d, of the "flu." She was married only sixteen months ago and was a young woman of amiable disposition and more than ordinary intelligence. Her death is mourned by many friends.

Mr. Clarence A. Boxley and family, of Newark, N. J., have rented a suite of rooms in Grace Court, Lanesborough section of Troy, New York, and will occupy it on May 1st.

John W. Pratt, of Brooklyn, whose life was despaired of a few months ago, was at St. Ann's Church last Sunday, looking somewhat thinner, but apparently in good health.

Hannah Edith Norman, beloved mother of Mrs. Marcus L. Kenner (nee Dora Norman) passed away on Monday, March 12th.

### Resolution of Sympathy.

The American Society of Deaf Artists tenders to Miss Adrienne Fousadler, a member of the organization, the following resolution.

Resolved, That the sympathy of the members be tendered to her in her bereavement over the loss of her father.

That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to her by the secretary, and that it be suitably inscribed on the minutes of the society.

LLOYD HUTCHISON, Secretary.

JACQUES ALEXANDER, President.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presby

terian Church.

Eight St., between Penn Avenue and

Duquesne Way.

Rev. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor.

Mrs. J. M. KEITH, Mute Interpreter

Sabbath School—10 A.M.

Sermon—11 A.M.

Prayer meeting on first Wednesday

evening of each month at 7:45

P.M.

Everybody Welcome.

## DETROIT.

News items for this column, and new subscriptions to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, will be received by R. V. Jones, 2147 Lycaete Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

"This is not so bad a world As some would like to make it; But whether good, or whether bad, Depends on how we take it."

MORAL.—Be an optimist.

The robins have arrived, and brought their baggage along, so we can prepare for their Springtime song.

The D. A. D. gave a toy spider social on Saturday evening, March 10th, which was a howling, hilarious success. There were 141 people in attendance, and the profits of the social was \$51.61. Mrs. O. W. Reed was the guiding genius that steered the affair to success.

Mr. J. B. Eckstrom left this city for Atlanta, Georgia, February 24th, where he was transferred by the Ford Motor Company of Detroit, to the Ford plant in Atlanta. Good luck to him. He will be able to attend the N. A. D. Convention.

Miss L. Bailly has secured a situation as drill press operator, at the Burroughs Adding Machine Co. Mr. George B. Hanson is convalescing from an operation in the Harper Hospital, and would be pleased to see some of his deaf friends.

Mr. John G. T. Berry, of Royal Oak, will lecture at the G. A. R. Hall, Grand River Ave., Saturday evening, March 24th, 1923, under the auspices of the N. F. S. D. Subject: "Michael Strogoff, the Russian Courier."

The Rev. Mr. Woodruff being unable to fill the engagement on the program of the Ladies' Guild March 9th, the ladies had to draw on the audience for entertainment material, and R. V. Jones volunteered to tell the moving picture story entitled "Trifling Women," which seemed to give satisfaction, and Mr. Delbert Johnson gave an entertaining talk on Church Etiquette, followed by Mrs. Preston Perry with some of her humorous experiences, which sent everybody home well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

Col. Sawhill, of Cleveland, will give a lecture under the auspices of the D. A. D., at their hall, 336 Michigan Avenue, Saturday evening, April 21st.

The subject will be "Reminiscences," and you are in for something good, filled with humor, pathos and thrills. You will be sorry if you stay home. He will hold services at the St. John's Church, Sunday, April 22d, 11 A. M. and 3 P. M.

Mrs. John Moore is on the sick list, being laid up with a very bad cold and a touch of the grippe, which affects her eyes.

The Ladies' Guild of the Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf will hold a box social and anniversary celebration at the St. John's Parish House Friday evening, April 6th. Come and have a good time.

The Rainbow Club met at the home of Mrs. Preston Perry, under the management of Mrs. Ralph Huhn, on March 8th, and enjoyed their regular pastimes.

Mrs. Delbert Johnson won the first prize, a large jelly bowl, while Mrs. Perry won a set of fine table doilies as second prize. Mrs. A. J. Jones captured a sal and pepper set as third prize, and Mrs. Ruddy Stark took home some salt dishes as lowest prize.

Mrs. Elsie Hughes, who has been in the Ford Hospital for some time past, is slowly growing out of her plaster cast, and hopes to be able to go home in a week or so. But her hopes of being able to walk are far off. The doctors say it might be two years. She has our deepest sympathy, and deserves the kind consideration of all her deaf friends. She has worked hard to support her two little girls. The Ford Motor Company, for whom she worked, is looking after her comforts at present.

There was a large attendance at the services of Rev. Mr. Charles on the 11th. We missed the morning service, but the afternoon service was a good barometer of what the attendance was in the morning. There were three baptisms at the afternoon service: Mrs. Wells, of Royal Oak, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Osmonson, and the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Davies.

Rev. Charles gave an impressive sermon on "Temptation and Jealousy," which ought to be well remembered.

The many friends of Mrs. Annie Gillespie, a former Detroit, who moved to Oregon, will be shocked to learn of her death, on the 9th of March, from a stroke of apoplexy, at Medford, Oregon.

Mrs. Gillespie was born at Comber, Ont., Canada, and attended the Belleville School for the Deaf for six years, and came to Michigan in 1887, and finished her schooling at the Flint School for the Deaf. She left Detroit about a year or so ago with her son, to take up her residence in Oregon.

She is survived by two sisters, her father, and a son and daughter. Robert Gillespie, her son, was with his mother, in Medford, Oregon, while her father, Daniel Flater, and her hearing sister, Mrs.

Catherine Davison, reside in Talent, Oregon. Her deaf sister, Mrs. Laura Walker, and her daughter, Leona Gillespie, are residents of Detroit, and were unable to attend the funeral on account of the distance, and lack of funds. Many Detroiters will remember Mrs. Gillespie as one of our social lights, and her son, daughter, sisters and father have the heart-felt sympathy of Mrs. Gillespie's many friends.

About forty-four of Detroit's representative deaf gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Jones on Saturday evening, March 10th, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Kenney, who were invited to attend a surprise party in honor of Mrs. Wells, but which turned out to be a genuine surprise party for Mrs. Thomas J. Kenney.

The occasion was Mrs. Kenney's 37th birthday, and the surprised Mrs. Kenney was presented by the delighted guests with a handsome dinner set, consisting of 100 pieces.

A swell time was had by every one present, in the usual party diversions, and after refreshments were served they all departed with a happy smile on their faces, which indicated that they were perfectly satisfied, and ready for another salby upon some unsuspecting lucky soul.

We would respectfully remind you again, that we can not imagine news, and if you would like to read more news, in this column, please do your part, and send in your items.

R. V. JONES.

March 12, 1923.

### FREDERICK, MD.

Mr. Ray Kauffman, of Baltimore, was in Frederick on the tenth inst., wearing a deep expression of surprise. Who wouldn't be after going through the same experience. Ray with his brother-in-law were enroute to Virginia when the front wheel suddenly broke, causing the car to zig-zag, skid and finally turn over. Hence Ray was surprised to get out alive and unhurt. Ray is a fine fellow, and we were pleased to have him with us the remainder of the day till the car was fixed. For over eight years he has been working in the Williams-Wilkins Printing Co., where he has the distinction of having broken all make-up records, having made up one hundred and seventy-one pages in eight hours.

Mrs. Ignatius Bjorlee autoed to Baltimore on the twenty-eighth of February, being one of the three who rendered a musical concert at the Radio Broadcasting Station. Mrs. Bjorlee giving three violin solos. Mrs. Bjorlee's reputation as a violinist of note is well recognized here.

We are sorry to publish the sad news of the sudden death of Mr. James C. Stubbs, of this city, on the first inst. Mr. Stubbs was a former pupil of this school, and foreman of the cabinet shop from 1900 to 1914. Acute indigestion caused his death.

This clipping from the Washington Star of last summer, may prove interesting to bicycle enthusiasts. Ben's ride of 650 miles in seven days is considered all the more remarkable as it was his first long distance spin. Of late he has been studying maps of California and Florida, which has led the writer to surmise another long distance spin to California or Florida. Good luck, Ben. "Last summer Bennie Rosenberg, an eighteen year old student at the Maryland State School for the Deaf, left his home in Lonaconing, Md., on his bicycle and keeping to the Lincoln Highway reached Chicago in fine shape, making the 650 miles in seven days. He had little difficulty making the trip, and had planned to make the return trip on his bicycle, but his relatives dissuaded him, so he came back by train.

On the second of March the strong Preps of Gallaudet College invaded Frederick, where they were checked by the Silent Cadets of the Maryland State School. Superior guard work and shooting enabled the Marylanders to snatch an early lead, which they retained throughout, winning 29-24.

GALLAUDET PREPS MD. STATE SCHOOL

Austin F. Winebrener  
Lewis F. Smith  
Hansen C. Drinks  
Sorka G. Serio  
Czoka G. Oviniski

Substitutions—McCall for Lewis, Metty for Austin, Austin for Hansen. Field goals—Winebrener, 9; Drinks, Smith, Metty, 6; Austin, 3; McCall, 2; Clark. Foul goals—Winebrener, 7. Referee—Mr. Creager.

M. S. D. won its seventh straight at the expense of the Virginia State School for the Deaf on March 2d, 30-20. The passing of the Virginians was the best seen on our court this year, which is a credit to the coaching of Mr. O. W. McInturff.

VA. STATE SCHOOL MD. STATE SCHOOL

Mangrum F. Winebrener  
Forrestal F. Downes  
Farmer C. Drinks  
Nunn G. Serio  
Harowitz G. Oviniski

Field goals—Winebrener, 6; Drinks 5; Downes, Mangrum, 4; Farmer, 3; Forrestal. Foul goals—Winebrener, 8; Mangrum, 4. Referee—Creager

Of late we have been reading much in the l. p. f., about intersection meetings of schools for the deaf. The writer, having witnessed almost all of M. S. D.'s games this year, feels justified in stating that

M. S. D. has "some" team, which could give a stiff fight to any school for the deaf. To date the Marylanders, coached by Mr. Harry G. Benson, whose specialty is raising stars like Downes, Behrens, Baynes and a host of others, have played twenty-one games of which twelve were won. This is a very good record, when taking into consideration that they had to tackle strong college teams. Below is appended the results of M. S. D.'s intersectional meet.

M. S. D.'s 56—W. Va. State School, 6.  
M. S. D., 29—Gallaudet Preps, 24.  
M. S. D., 30—Va. State School, 20.

The M. S. D. now boasts of a clever chess player in the person of Michael Cohen, a Russian by birth, who came to America two years ago and entered the Maryland School about a month ago. Under the guidance of Mr. Faupel he has made rapid progress. In Baltimore he was a member of a well known chess club, where he ranked foremost, and on coming to Frederick he was eager to meet Frederick's best, so a sitting was arranged with Dr. Hammond, the "title" holder of hereabouts. Mike beat the veteran title holder four times, and is now after higher honors. Go it, Mike.

From newspaper reports we have learned with pleasure of the signing up of Mike Boyle with the Martinsburg Baseball Club, of the Blue Ridge League. Boyle graduated from M. S. D. a few years ago, and since then has been playing professional ball. His ability as a second sacker is best known around Ohio from whence he has just come.

Chief Red Fox, a full-blooded descendant of the war-famed Sioux tribe, gave a lecture and a demonstration of the various Indian dances at the Maryland School a few days ago. The Chief is a graduate of the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., and is devoting his entire time to the lecture platform, seeking to create a public sentiment toward giving the "Native American" his rights to citizenship.

A. W.

### Gallaudet College.

This week-end, quite contrary to the usual week-ends on the eve of final examinations, has been lively and merry. Spring is in the air and usual grind, for the grill is hopelessly out of place. Professor Allison lectured Friday night, the sixteenth, after which followed the usual social, and on Saturday night the Y. M. C. A. gave an eight-reel movie, which the entire student body enjoyed. The Sunday night calling list at Fowler Hall was somewhat short, and yellow lamplight has glowed from the windows of the halls far into the night this week.

Professor Drake took the Senior Sociology class over to the asylum this week. Quite a queer place to acquire knowledge?

The student body was very much relieved not to find any one missing when the class returned. It seems as though the warden wouldn't have any of them.

Miss Elizabeth Hassett of the Junior Class is improving rapidly at the Sibley Hospital, where she underwent an operation during the first of the week.

The Buffs won the annual basketball game over the Blues. The score was 12 to 7. Its hard to say which side was the Blues after the game, which was fast and furiously fought. It sort of reminded us of a cat and dog fight, and the floor was clean and slick after the girls got through sliding all over it.

The student body was about evenly divided in the support of the two teams, and the rooting was lively. The dean occupied the Blue section during the first half of the game, but switched over to the Buff section for the last half to show her neutrality. Too much Sandberg put the game on ice in spite of the fine effort of the Blue guards to stop her.

The line-up:—

BUFFS BLUES

Sandberg F. Kannappell  
Caban F. Hughes  
Ballance C. Newton  
Moss C. Dibble  
Clemons G. Crump  
Suttka G. Rogers

Mr. Leonard M. Elstod, the Co-eds' coach, refereed the contest.

A party of excursionists from Wilmington and Reading were here Sunday. They were mostly P. I. D. Alumni.

The base-ball team will play its first game with the University of Maryland team on the twenty eighth here at Kendall Green.

The line up will probably read, as follows:

Wright, C. Lahn, P. LaFontaine, 2d Base, Danofsky, S. S. Seipp, Captain, 3d Base, Benedict, 1st Base, Boatwright, L. F., Lucado, C. F., Davis, R. F. There are several P. C.'s who bid fair to make good. Among these are Scarvie, P., Stern, 1st Base, Killian, Wood and others.

After a week of beastly weather the boys and girls took advantage of the rule permitting them to intermingle on the campus on Sunday afternoon, which was beautiful. The reporter has worked overtime on his subjects in preparation for the grill and finds himself entirely unfit to scribe further, but promises a better column next time.

## FANWOOD.

On Friday, March 16th, at 2:30 P.M., the teachers and pupils were assembled in the chapel. Principal Isaac B. Gaudier announced the basket ball winners. The victors in the boys' and girls' tournaments were awarded beautiful gold and silver medals. In the Senior Tournament the awards were:—

Jimmy Five (Gold Medal)—Cadet James Stewart, Captain; Cadet Color Sergeant Rudolph Behrens, Cadet Natale Cerniglio, Cadet Daniel Fox, Cadet Musician Victor Coopersmith and Cadet Musician Nicholas Cairano.

Abe Five (Silver Medal)—Cadet Lieutenant Abe Jaffe, Captain; Cadet First Sergeant Joseph Krassner, Cadet Corporal Edmund Hicks, Cadet Sergeant Arne Olson, Cadet Grover English and Cadet James Goodhope.

The Girls' Tournament awards were:—

Muriel (Gold Medal)—Ethel M. Breunissen, Captain; Mabel Bowser, Sarah Egan, Esther Rosengreen, Mary Balassone, Mary Rollo and Ellen Peterson.

Ruby (Silver Medal)—Avis Allen, Captain; Dora Steffins, Rachel Shapiro, Florence Kaiser, Flora Muehle, Gertrude Moore, Emma Jacobucci and Elizabeth Fromm.

Junior Tournament awards:—Chicago Five (Silver Medal)—Cadet George Lynch, Captain; Cadet Corporal Isidor Dietz, Cadet Clarence Madison, Cadet John Combrader, Cadet Musician Otto Johnson and Cadet Fred McLellan.

New York Five (Bronze Medal)—Cadet Captain Charles Klein, Cadet Corporal Kaple Greenberg, Cadet William Kahn, Cadet Musician Morris Forman, Cadet Ben Sestile, and Cadet Isidor Feldman.

The Margraf Athletic Association

Tournament awards:—

Mexico Five (Silver Medal)—Cadet George I. Harris, Captain; Cadet Isidor Feldman, Cadet Leo Pavelsky, Cadet Leslie Williams, Cadet John Moran, and Cadet Musician Harry Fein.

Ireland Five (Bronze Medal)—Cadet Louis Bayarsky, Captain; Cadet Perry Schwing, Cadet Frank Scofield, Cadet Allyn Manning, Cadet Charles Dolensky and Cadet Abraham Cohen.

The Medal for best shooter was awarded to Cadet First Sergeant Ben Shafranek, and for best guard to Cadet Musician Victor Cooper-smith.

At three o'clock, the boys and girls' and teachers left here for the Hall of the Knights of Columbus, Amsterdam Avenue and One Hundred sixty first Street, to see the exciting basket-ball game between our "Fanwoods" and New Jersey Deaf School Five. Mr. Jones, of Commerce High School, was appointed referee. Cadet Color Sergeant Casper Byllinski, our forward star, was absent in Albany because of a death in the family.

Cadet Natale Cerniglio took his place and did very well. At the outset of the game Shafranek, the clever goal shooter for the Fanwoods, scored the first foul, and then our brilliant teamwork put us ahead in the first half—14 to 9.

The New Jersey boys played well in the final period, but could not catch us, the score ending Fanwood 28, New Jersey 26.

### FANWOOD

Goals Fouls P.

Shafranek, R. F. (capt.) 7 8 22  
Cerniglio, L. F. 1 0 2  
Kerwin, L. F. 1 0 2  
Pokorny, G. 1 0 2  
Jensen, R. G. 0 0 0  
Connelly, L. G. 0 0 0  
Jaffe, L. G. 0 0 0

10 8 28

### NEW JERSEY DEAF SCHOOL

Goals Fouls P.

Schmidt, R. F. 2 6 10  
Corello, L. F. 3 4 10  
Sennack, C. 3 0 6  
Williams, R. G. 0 0 0  
Melone, L. G. 0 0 0

8 10 26

The time of periods was twenty minutes each. Timekeeper—Mr. P. J. E. Rotherham, Score—Cadet Adjutant Lester Cahill and Mr. McBride, of New Jersey Deaf School.

On St. Patrick's Day, the Fanwood players travelled to Cornwall, N. Y., for a game with the quint of the New York Military Academy, accompanied by their manager and official scorer. One of the star players, Cadet Color Sergeant Casper Byllinski, was away, so Cadet Eddie Kerwin acted as the left forward.

We were surprised at his good playing. Shafranek and Kerwin divided honors for the Fanwoods, while Wynne and White starred for the winners. The score was 43 to 27 in favor of the N. Y. M. A. team.

### FANWOODS N. Y. M. A.

Shafranek R. F. White  
Kerwin L. F. Wynne  
Pokorny C. Lowe  
Private Perkins Scores—Cadet Adjutant Lester Cahill and Private Perkins

Substitutions—Jaffe for Donnelly. Field goals—Shafranek, 7; Kerwin, 4; White, 6; Wynne, 4; Lowe, 3; Beckwith, 2; Sellers, 1. Fou goals—Shafranek, 5 out of 7; Wynne, 11 out of 35. Time-keeper—Private Perkins. Scores—Cadet Adjutant Lester Cahill and Private Perkins

The Fanwood players visited all the buildings. They enjoyed a talk with the N. Y. M. A. boys and also took some pictures. They all had a grand time there.

The Seventh Oral Class, taught by Miss Otis, entertained in the chapel on Thursday, the 15th, and were applauded for the fine literary treat they gave. The program follows:—

LIFE OF NERO—By Harry Whiteman.

CURRENT EVENTS—By Kaple Greenberg.

STORY, "The Tempest."—By Arne Olsen.

QUESTION CONTEST—Leader, Barney Kindel; Judge, Arne Olson.

STORY, "Paul's Dog."—By Victor Coopersmith.

STORY, "The Enchanted Horse."—By Avis Allen.

DIALOGUE—By Barney Kindel, Harry Whiteman and James Stewart.

CHINESE CUSTOMS—By Anna Mahler.

STORY, "Father Damien."—By Kaple Greenberg.

Cadet Color Sergeant Casper Byllinski, Cadet Charles Knoblock and Cadet Fred Donnelly, went to see the new Yankee Stadium, on Sunday March 11th.

Cadet Captain Charles Klein was given a surprise party by the Proteans in the society room, to celebrate his birthday, on Friday evening, March 9th.

Mrs. Charles C. McMann, Misses Fish and Osborne, were Fanwood visitors on Monday. Miss Alice E. Judge, one of our teachers, showed them around.

Mr. Brown, Inspector Department of Public Welfare, City of New York, made thorough inspection of the entire Institution, on March 19th and 20th.

Mr. Clayton S. Smith, former teacher at the Institution, is paying us a few days' visit. He looks well, and is enjoying life on his farm in Pennsylvania.

ROBERT AND LESTER.

### St. Louis Briefs

Louis Moegle has a new Ford. So many of the deaf of St. Louis now own automobiles that we have lost the count.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stock was recently baptized privately by the Rev. Dr. Cloud. The child was quite ill at the time, but has regained its health and is doing fine.

The annual masquerade of the St. Louis Division, N. F. S. D., given just before the beginning of Lent, was very well attended. The number of maskers was larger than usual. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rolder won prizes.

Louis Jacoby, a former resident of St. Louis, later of Denver and more recently of San Antonio, died at the home of relatives near Alton a few days ago. His widow, who was Miss Mahon, survives him, also two daughters by his first wife.

Rev. J. W. Michaels, Southern Baptist missionary, was in the city for a short time recently. He came on a business trip, but managed to meet with a few friends while here.

The annual program cards of St. Thomas' Mission are out, and one may be had for the asking. The usual series of lectures, socials, picnic, and current topic discussion, feature on the program along with the hours of Sunday School and church services.

Mrs. Mattie Merrell was given a surprise party, by a large number of her lady friends, at her home recently. Mrs. Harry Berwin also was tendered a surprise at the home of Mrs. Burgherr. An ample supply of extra good eats was served on both occasions and everybody was happy.

Some of the events of St. Thomas' Mission are for the benefit of the Missouri Home Fund. The first of the series for the current year was given on a recent evening, and consisted of a varied literary treat, in which Misses Herdman, Roper, and Miss Deem participated. It was highly interesting and much appreciated. A snug little sum was realized for the Home Fund.

The Woman's Guild of St. Thomas' Mission had a real treat in the way of a lecture on life in Alaska, by Deaconess Bedell, who has spent several years in that country and is now home on a furlough. Miss Lotie Merrell interpreted the lecture in a highly satisfactory manner. Quite a number of visitors were present on invitation of members of the Guild.

A generous donation to the work in Alaska was made by the Guild.

George W. Arnot met with a serious accident on the evening of the recent partial eclipse of the moon. In order to obtain a better view of the eclipse, he went to the rear porch of the second story flat where he resides and leaned against the railing. The railing gave way, causing Mr. Arnot to fall, head first, to the paved courtyard, some fifteen feet below. Mr. Arnot was picked up unconscious and bleeding from several scalp wounds. He was rushed to the Baptist Sanatorium where upon further examination it was found that he had sustained a serious injury of the spine. The sympathy of the community goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Arnot in the misfortune which has befallen them.

There will be a confirmation service at St. Thomas' Mission in

Christ Church Cathedral, 13th and Locust Streets, at 3 P.M., March 25th. On the evening of the same day a class will be confirmed at All Saints' Church, colored, Garrison and Locust Streets. The mission for the colored deaf is known as Ephphatha Mission. It is in charge of Rev. Dr. Cloud. Regular services are conducted in the chapel of All Saints' Church for the colored deaf at 3:30 P.M., on Sundays.

### AKRON, OHIO.

Jessie Andes is working at Good-year again. He resigned his position as janitor at the Springfield Sanatorium near here several weeks ago.

Mrs. Ben Bausch has returned to her home in Wisconsin after a visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Baliff, and one month-old grandson, the past month.

Mrs. Albert Simpson was seriously injured again Saturday night, February 24th, at the new A. I. U. hall, South High Street, when she stumbled and fell. She was taken to the City hospital at once, where the surgeons treated her. She was then removed to her home. She is reported to be doing nicely now.

Mrs. Simpson had a similar fall in a downtown store, fracturing her wrist and injuring her ankle about two years ago.

Many friends of Hugh Olinger will be glad to learn that he is getting along nicely after an operation for an abscess. He is at the People's Hospital.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schiffhauer, Sawyerwood, a daughter



## Happiness

If you would get full share of happiness out of life, you must at all times contribute happiness to others.

When a little cloud of doubts comes between you and your dearest friend, or an angry word pops off unexpectedly in a heated argument, hasten with out delay to obliterate it. If you have been at fault lose not a moment in making an apology.

Do not brood over imagined offenses, for it is often that brooding adds fuel to a flame which, if let alone, would die out of its own accord.

Many lives have been utterly wrecked and thousands of hopes blasted by bestowing too much thought on petty trifles, and idle words whose meanings had been so warped and twisted that they became monstrous offenders, when in reality they were mere feather weight nothings.

There is an innate proneness in all of us to sail under false colors and to misjudge our most intimate friends, so we turn our backs upon the bright and beautiful, head our frail craft toward darkness to make love to our own ugly souls, while we bestow hate upon the fair souls of our intimates.

And while we habitually do these absurd things, we become more and more estranged and less inclined to be reasonable.

Even while we are in these deplorable humors, Happiness stands smiling besides us, but we stubbornly refuse to put out our arms to embrace her.

And in this manner we become an eternal puzzle to ourselves and our associates.

Who among the earthly hordes can understand the human heart, always pretending to seek Content, yet locking the door when Content would enter and abide in peace?

Preaching one thing and practicing another has more to do with the cheerfulness and the gloom of the world than most of us suspect, yet many of us, wittingly or ignorantly, continue to pursue the folly without pausing to consider the result.

After all, happiness is not far away, but within our own doubting heart, and if we bemoan its loss with sincerity, all we have to do to reclaim it is to sacrifice pique and pride, and pay court to it like a passionate lover.—*Clipped.*

## What Are the Stars?

Twinkle, twinkle, little star; how I wonder what you are," is a verse every one knows, for every one has wondered at some time about the stars. Thousands of years ago people used to worship these mysteries in the sky. They tried to study them, and the Egyptians and Arabs even kept records of what they saw, but it was Galileo's invention of the telescope in 1609 that made it possible for us to find out that these "stars" are really great suns giving out light and heat just as our own sun does.

Our sun is one of the smallest of the stars. Many of these big suns are so far away that it takes their light (which travels 186,000 miles per second) thousands of years to reach us. When you look up at a big star, remember that it is so far away that the light that comes to your eyes has been on the way thousands of years. Perhaps the star you "see" isn't there any longer at all, but its light waves started toward us years ago, and requiring thousands of years to reach us, are still coming, just as when you still hear the sound of the whistle of a train after your eyes watching the steam tell you the whistle has stopped.

So you see, stars aren't just pretty decorations in the sky, but belong to a great system in which our own sun is but a tiny part.

The air about the earth extends out only some fifty miles, and beyond that through the billions and trillions of miles of airless space, lie these millions of suns. Between them in space is what we call the ether, across which light waves, heat waves, and electrical or radio waves travel.

These stars are so far away that looking at them through the biggest telescope shows them only as specks of light. Some are younger and hotter than our sun and some are older and colder. Most of them are the centers of big systems like our own sun, with dark earths and planets moving all about them.

The wonderful thing found in studying the stars is the way law and order are everywhere. They move and are related in a very exact way, though they are spread out so far that you can't even imagine the size of the universe they move in.—*Sel.*

## The Lawyer's Boy

A certain lawyer who had always been a religious man denied all his early beliefs when his beautiful girl wife, whom he deeply loved, died in giving birth to a son. "What right had God to take her from me?" he cried again and again. He became an atheist, a cynic, who delighted in assailing the faith of others. Often in argument with guests at his home he would poo-poo the idea of immortality. "When you're dead," he would say, "you're dead, dead as a doornail."

Meanwhile his son grew up in the care of the housekeeper. Though the boy saw little of his father, he frequently overheard his conversations and arguments. One day the housekeeper asked to speak to the lawyer. The boy had learned to swear. "You must talk to him, sir," she said. "Send him to me," replied the lawyer.

A few minutes later father and son looked at each other. "How like my dead-and-gone Lucy the boy looks!" thought the father. He spoke sternly to the boy of his fault and then sent him away.

But the housekeeper came again and again with the same complaint. At last, seeking in desperation for some argument that would appeal to the boy, the lawyer said, "You know, my boy, that if your mother were alive she wouldn't like to hear you talk like that."

"But mother isn't alive," the boy replied glibly. "She's dead as a doornail."

The words struck to the heart of the embittered man; all his being seemed to surge up in protest against such words from the lips of his wife's son! He leaped to his feet. "She is not dead!" he cried. "Boy, your mother is alive and hears every word you utter!" He paused and then added, "I have been a wicked fool and have spoken what is not true. Come, my boy, we'll begin again and from now on see more of each other. Let us live in a way that is worthy of her!"

## THE ETHER TEST

"I know one young man," says Mr. Godfrey, "who, when a stranger in New York and out of luck, was standing on one of the North River docks wondering mournfully where his next meal was coming from. He had noticed a deaf and dumb beggar standing on the other end of the same dock, and, hungry as he was, he congratulated himself that he was in full possession of his faculties and not dependent on precarious charity for his living.

"To his astonishment, after the crowds were gone, the beggar approached him, gave him money, took him home to a well-furnished apartment, and finally inducted him into the ranks of the professional 'dummies',—as deaf and dumb fakery are called. After some instruction the youngster went out on his own hook and finally fell into my hands.

"His nerve was good and he withstood pretty successfully the usual tests, such as a sudden and unexpected noise, and cleverly contrived questions. Still suspicious, I sent him to the hospital, where he was put under the influence of ether for a moment. When he came out he was talking his head off, and the game was up. This, by the way, is an infallible test. When a man is still under the anesthetic, but commencing to recover consciousness, he will babble like a running brook, if he can talk at all."—*American Magazine.*

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## Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the second Thursdays of every month at 8:15 P. M. Members are permitted for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. E. Souwaine, President; S. Lowenbars, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

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